

it was about the first of April, I was again in front on picket. I was relieved at dark and returned to the line, where I found the regiment ready to march. Wilcox's Division marched out to Burgess' Mill, crossed the creek and took position, at least the Thirteenth did, on the ridge beyond the mill, which ran parallel with the creek. There was a splendid line of fortifications, with good, strong redoubts for the caunon. Down south of them ran a small branch, between the main line and which was a line of rifle-pits on a parallel line with the work. These pits had been occupied by cavalry previous to this. Colonel Hyman called the writer, who before this had been promoted to Captain of Company I, to take his company and advance across the branch, go on up the hill two hundred yards to the edge of the pine woods and there halt and send out videttes. I went forward as ordered and sent the videttes. They went but a short distance before they turned and came running to me and reported the woods alive with the Blues. I had heard them telling their men to keep dressed. We about-faced and double-quickened back down to the branch. As we were nearing the rifle-pits the enemy had emerged from the woods and opened fire on us. By the time we got to the pits the lead was coming in showers. The pits were on a hill-side and were filled with water—it was amusing to hear the men jumping into those pits of water like frogs. The Thirteenth was advanced to the pits to re-inforce us. Men were baling out water with their hands and tin plates and anything they could. I was standing by the side of a pit when one of the men said: "I wish you would come in." I told him I would step and get an old shovel I saw up the hill. Before I could get it and return one bullet was sent through my hat, another through the blankets around my neck and one hit my shoe. We flirted out the water with the shovel and got down to business. One skirmisher had a position at the edge of the woods behind a large stump, where he could put a bullet into my pit whenever he saw a hat above it. I took the sergeant's rifle, rested it over the bank of the pit, then took off my hat and slipped it up to my right. He raised up to his knees to shoot at the hat, think-